

BACONIANA.

VOL. V. *Third Series.* OCTOBER, 1907. No. 20.

A FRENCH CYPHER BOOK

IN 1586 appeared in Paris *Traicté des Chiffres*, by Blaise de Vigenère, dedicated to Monsieur Antoine Segulier. From internal evidence we learn that Vigenère was in Rome in 1549 and 1551, and in Italy in 1568.

After a reference to the sacred writings of the Ancients who therein veiled the holy secrets of their theology, he continues (p. 4) that his book is of similar cyphers, but "rare and known to *few people*—learnt partly from others in our travels in different parts of Europe, but the greater part originated in our own thoughts, and not, so far as we know, touched upon by anyone until now." He acknowledges he learnt one cypher on his first visit to Rome, and he explains (p. 227) that some have treated of their philosophy by numbers and proportions, others by geometrical figures, others by the harmony and concords of music, others under the wrappings of fables, enigmas, and allegories. Previous works on cyphers, such as Trithemus, give as keys consecutive *words* (p. 48), such as verses of Virgil and of other poets; others are content with the date of the month or day, or employ the last word preceding the hidden message. Vigenère claims to be the first to use the device of mak-

ing *letters* depend upon each other and serve as keys by 1st, shape ; 2nd, size ; 3rd, quality or equivalence ; 4th, place.

Several cyphers depend on difference of type (p. 241), and he gives four types of each letter, saying (p. 245) the difference between them must be of the slightest—only sufficient to be discerned by the initiated, so that suspicion may be removed. On p. 200 he explains a cypher where each combination of three letters, three numbers, or of dots, dashes, or of long and short syllables in threes, equals *one* letter ; thus aaa or 444 = D, aab or 447 = E, eeb or 887 = A. This is worked on the same principle as Francis Bacon's Bi-literal, only whereas Bacon groups his letters in *fives*, Vigenère groups them in *threes*, but both depend on the shape, size, quality, and place of letters.

Francis Bacon's brilliancy of intellect was already noted in Paris in 1578, when the words "*Si tabula daretur digna animum mallet,*" were written round his portrait (see Lord Bacon's Life, by Spedding, p. 7). That his mind was at that time occupied with cyphers we know from "The Advancement of Learning," VI., p. 265 : "We will annexe another invention, which in truth we devised in our youth, when *we were in Paris*, and is a thing that yet seemeth to us not worthy to be lost." He then explains the Bi-literal Cypher.

As Bacon claims to have invented his cypher in Paris in 1576-9, and as Vigenère, whose book appeared in 1586, acknowledges that some cyphers he had learnt from people he had met, there is some reason to believe that Vigenère is the mouthpiece of Bacon. The Bi-literal is more fully developed, but Vigenère ingenuously confesses that he has deliberately "cast some shadows over his work in order not to make the cyphers, together with several other artifices which depend thereon, equally comprehensible to the unworthy and the

ignorant as to those who by knowledge, study, and worth deserve it" (p. 194). At that time Bacon would not be ready and willing to place in the hands of the world the key to his secrets.

Two quotations from Vigenère referring to other cyphers may be given. "I should have liked to have touched in passing on Anagrams, reversed words either for proper names or for other uses. It would have been easy to arrange tables which would greatly shorten the extreme labour of those who seek by this artifice, glory and renown and *not* in vain for this is in great favour at present" (p. 190). He gives as an example of hidden words the following, employed by Roger "Bacchon" (Bacon) (p. 147): "*In Verbis Præsentibus Iavenis Terminum Exquisitæ Rei.*" The initials make Jupiter, whilst the last letters of the last words of each chapter make Stannum, which stands for Jupiter.

Bearing in mind the enigmatic frontispiece of Montaigne's Essays, 1632, to be looked at with "a glancing eye," the following remark may interest the Baconian student: "Some cyphers consist in perspective, for on looking at them from the front one can neither discern nor read but by placing them obliquely in the position suitable to them that which was imperceptible appears" (p. 253). Vigenère mentions in this connection "an English painter called Oeillarde," whose work was so fine that it was impossible for the keenest eyes to discern anything except with glasses, or in bright sunlight. Oeillarde (French for side-glance) is no English name. Can he mean Nicholas Hilliard (1547—1619), who painted a miniature of Bacon in 1578, and others of Mary, Queen of Scots, of Elizabeth, and of James I.? If he does, the name Oeillarde may be intentionally mis-spelt, as he has previously mentioned an Italian, "Spannochio," a name which savours of artifice.

Mrs. Gallup has been called to account for the methods of spelling in her rendering of the Bi-literal Cypher; but Vigenère says it is permissible in cypher to omit a letter, as "laudo" for "claudio," "Pais" for "Paris;" or to substitute a letter, as "Alexantre" for "Alexandre," and "ollis" for "illis." "There is no question of exact orthography; on the contrary, there are some who pervert it purposely to add to the obscurity" (p. 237).

EDITH DURNING-LAWRENCE.

SHAKESPEARE'S LEARNING

BY DR. KONRAD MEIER.

IT is well known that Shakespeare has for a long time passed as a kind of prodigy. Although he himself was without education—so it is supposed—yet has he by the force of genius produced unapproachable works of dramatic art without exactly knowing what he was doing. This view can no longer be conceded. The axiom must be recognized as an incontestible truth that the productions of the life and work of an artist stand in direct relation to his training. The light which the greatest spirits give forth streams widely forth on coming generations, but it is always first derived from the present and the past.

Homo tantum facit et intelligit quantum mente observavit, nec amplius scit aut potest.

The more wide the observer's sphere, the more does the supreme greatness of Shakespeare show itself to him. And if Goethe, a mind of such extraordinary structure and with such abundant powers of production, maintains that even in his view Shakespeare was a being of higher rank, up to whom he looked, and that with reverence, then must we lesser spirits, who, at the feet

of this sphinx of poetry may crouch like pigmies—we must be modest if we would understand and value a little corner in the boundless world of Shakesperean art.

About the middle of the eighteenth century a notable revulsion of sentiment took place. In Germany, next to Goethe, Schiller was the leader in this revolution. He set himself resolutely against the prevailing opinion, and, like Goethe, as a result of his comprehensive training, at once made his judgment as the poetic greatness of Shakespeare. "For me," said he, "Shakespeare is a profound artist, not a blind, wild, wandering genius. All that is said on this point I hold for the most part as fabulous talk—as blind, wild illusion. In other arts it is self-evident and established that acquired knowledge is the indispensable condition of genuine production. And for any poets who are usually represented as careless fondlings of nature, trained in no art, in no school, on closer inspection I find, if they have created anything excellent, surpassing culture of mental powers, practised art, and ripe knowledge worthily employed." Stapfer expresses himself in the same way: "*Cessons de nous représenter Shakespeare comme une sont de génie inculte, que la nature seule aurait doté richement; aucune faculté ineluctable de race, de moment, de milieu n'a pesé sur sa détermination; il a suivi sa voie en parfaite connaissance de cause, et en toute liberté.*"

The more scientific investigation is applied to the works of Shakespeare, so much less can the fact remain unrecognized that the poet must have possessed a very intimate knowledge of classic antiquity. But all the results of philosophical research stand in arrest before the testimony of Shakespeare's learned contemporary, Ben Jonson, who in a dedicatory poem to the Folio of 1623, is supposed to have expressly indicated that the poet was without learned education—that his know-

ledge of Latin was small, and of Greek still smaller. Ben Jonson's expression, "Small Latin and less Greek," it was supposed, might be reconciled with the obvious familiarity of the poet with antiquity, by the contention that the poet acquired his knowledge of former times by translations of classic authors. But in front of this speculation grave objections soon arise, for Shakespeare has undoubtedly made use of works which, at the time of his writing, had not been circulated in any English translation; and on more exact investigation it appears that in single cases in which he obviously used translations he avoided mistakes which the translator had made; and also that the poet, even with the translation before him, used the original with a better understanding than that possessed even by the learned translator.*

This strange contradiction gives a sufficiently strong inducement to put Ben Jonson's utterance to the test. We will therefore quote the exact words which he uses, and show that it means exactly the opposite to that attributed to it. The passage runs:—

And though thou hadst small Latine and less Greeke
From thence to honour thee I *would* not seeke

* This question has lately been under consideration by Mr. Churton Collins, "Studies in Shakespeare." In the Section, "Shakespeare as a Classical Scholar," Collins concludes his investigations in the following words:—"His familiarity with the Latin language is evident, first from the fact that he has, with minute particularity of detail, based a poem and a play on a poem of Ovid and on a comedy of Plautus, which he must have read in the original, as no English translation, so far as we know, existed at that time; secondly, from the fact that he has adapted and borrowed from the classics many passages which were almost certainly only accessible to him in the Latin language; thirdly, from the fact that when he may have followed English translations it is often quite evident that he had the original either by him or in his memory."

For names ; but call forth thundring Æschilus,
Euripedes, and Sophocles to us, etc.

From this passage, without regard to the connexion, people have detached the words, "small Latin and less Greek," and from this have inferred as a settled fact that Shakespeare's education was deficient. The conditional word *would* in the principal sentence, indicates that we have here a conceded relation, annexed to a conditional one ; and, as in every conditional sentence, the conditional word *would* points to the *unreal* alternative, which is to be taken as the opposite of the actual fact. Translated into German the passage may be rendered—

Selbst wenn du nur wenig Latein und noch weniger Griechisch verstanden hättest, *würde* ich, um Namen, nicht verlegen sein. Ich würde dich—selbst in diesem Falle—den grössten Dichtern der Altertums zur Seite stellen.

Even then thou mightest understand only a little Latin, and still less Greek—I should not be at a loss for names. I would, even in that case, place thee side by side with the greatest poets of antiquity.

If this sentence ought to bear the sense which is given to it, the word *would* would not be used ; the sentence would run—I *will* not seek for names. And most surprisingly the passage is quite frequently quoted in this form, although it is not so given in the Folio.*

In this actual way the relation of concession, in conjunction with that of hypothesis, is often used by Shakespeare. *Ex gr.*, in *Hamlet*—

I'll speak to it though Hell itself should gape.

Again,

Foul deeds *will* rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes.

The unreality of the conditional relation, in Ben

Jonson's lines, implying the very opposite to the actual fact, is again illustrated by the answer which, in Marlow's *Faust* [Quarto 1604], is given by the Duchess to Faust :—

Were it now summer as it is January, and the dead time of winter, I *would* desire no better meal than a dish of ripe grapes.

Faustus.—Alas ! madam, that is nothing. Were it a greater thing than this so it *would* content you, you *should* have it.

And still more striking is the following passage from Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, where neither a conjunction nor inversion of the sentence shows the relation :—

Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
I *would* say—thou best.

So that the constantly-produced witness of the learned Ben Jonson implies exactly the opposite: viz., that Shakespeare understood both Latin and Greek ; and thus the stone of stumbling is moved away, and shows that we have every right to proceed with such investigations as those now before us.

—From DR. MEIER'S "Klassisches in Hamlet."

Translated by R. M. THEOBALD.

A "PIECE OF TENDER AIR"

I WAS lately making some notes on *Cymbeline*, *Pericles*, etc., when I came across an article by Mr. Harold Bayley in an old number of *BACONIANA*, entitled "Hidden Symbols." I am not a Baconian, but some of Mr. Bayley's deductions fit in so well with my own that I thought it might be interesting to associate them in an article for *BACONIANA*. The point of interest is the odd harmony between Mr. Bayley's deductions and my own, conceived from totally different standpoints and without reference to each other. Emerson somewhere says that any truth will swear with every other truth in the universe. A writer on Schopenhaur says that he conceived his philosophy in fragments, without design, and without any conception of their relation; but that when all were done it was seen that they fitted together and made a harmonious whole. However this may be, it is always a singular *denouement* to find two persons brought up to the same goal, although apparently travelling in opposite directions.

Mr. Bayley is writing of emblems, in one of which are three female figures playing upon instruments. These he thinks "denote Philosophy and her hand-maidens, Poetry and Music." He says:—"Bacon, of course, regarded philosophy as a means to tune the discords of this jarring world and draw the music from men's souls. In the grounds of his house at Gorhambury he erected a statue of the musician Orpheus and inscribed it 'Philosophy Personified.' Hence music was in his mind evidently analogous with philosophy." He further says:—"In the 'Wisdom of the Ancients' 'The meaning of this fable, seems to be this. Orpheus' music is of two sorts. The first may be fitly applied to natural philosophy; the second to moral or civil

discipline. Philosophy, by persuasion and eloquence, insinuating the love of virtue, equity, and concord in the mind of man, draws multitudes of men to a society and makes them subject to laws.'" Mr. Bayley then quotes Sydney :—"Truly, neither philosopher nor historian could at the first have entered into the gates of popular judgment if they had not taken a great disport in poetry. The philosophers of Greece durst not for a long time appear to the world but under the mask of poets." "Poetry," says Mr. Bayley, "has been happily defined as harmonious wisdom or impassioned philosophy," and he quotes Bacon : "Poetry cheereth and refresheth the soul, chanting things rare, and various, and full of vicissitudes." He also quotes Shakespeare in *Pericles* : "You are a fair viol and your sense the strings." And after quoting Bacon's remark on dramatic poetry—that "many wise men have thought it to the mind as the bow to the fiddle"—he concludes by referring to Bacon as "the master musician," the idea being, as I take it, that Bacon in his character of philosopher is, or would be, the grand harmonizer.

The idea is sound. The music of the spheres is in truth only the beautiful poise of contending forces which we see everywhere in nature and which is fabled in the myth of chaos and love. It is in fact a fundamental tenet, a law of the mind, which every philosopher from Heraclitus to Herbert Spencer has assumed and built upon. It was a favourite theme with Bacon and is implicit everywhere in Shakespeare :—

"Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition."

Midsummer Night's Dream II. ii. 209.

My own article (I should say, notes), written before I had seen Mr. Bayley's paper, deals primarily with *Cymbeline*, but especially with the character of Imogen.

This play has been the subject of much criticism, but, so far as I know, no writer has given a very satisfactory account of its inner significance—if it has one. I think it has. The play is peculiar in several ways, but Imogen in particular challenges attention. She is a "paragon," a "nonpareil," a "lily," an "Arabian phoenix." So rare a creature is evidently worth considering. My own opinion is that she is closely related to the author of the plays and that she figures variously as Perdita, Marina, Miranda and the Lady of the Sonnets. In short, I think she is the poet's art, as displayed in his writings. How I arrived at this conclusion remains to be shown.

For a starting-point we may take Sonnet 45, where Shakespeare speaks of his thought as "slight air." In *Cymbeline* we are told that Imogen is "a piece of tender air." In *Midsummer Night's Dream* Theseus says:—

"The poet's eye, in a fine frensy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name." (V. i. 12.)

Hippolyta :

"But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable." (V. i. 23.)

Plato, in the *Republic*, represents mankind as immured in a cavern and deluded with the shadows of the images that are carried past the entrance. Imogen is an odd name; it has a suspicious resemblance to imagine—in fact, it appears to be a kind of German plural of image. Let us suppose it is equiva-

lent to imagination—something fancied or feigned. In this connection we may refer to a line in the Sonnets wherein Shakespeare says :

"What is your substance, whereof are ye made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?" (LIII.)

Hippolyta says of the Yokels' play : "This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard." Theseus says : "The best in this kind are but as shadows."

I think, then, that Imogen is meant to personify the author's art, or thought—that is, his poesy. At any rate let us assume it.

Imogen wanders away, is lost and supposed to be dead, like Perdita and Marina. In the end she is restored like the others. It is odd that these three plays should involve the same motive. The *Tempest* belongs in the same category, though there it is a kingdom that is lost—to be restored, however, in the sequel. If I were a Baconian I should argue that this lost daughter or kingdom was meant to signify the dramas which were left to make their way in the world—abandoned, so to speak, and without a father, or, at best, with only a putative one. The restoration would imply that "Triumph of Time" spoken of in the title of Greene's *Pandosto*, wherein *truth*, though long concealed, is in the end most manifestly revealed.

The argument takes a wide sweep. In the limits imposed it is necessary to plunge at once into the middle of things. I begin with the old creation myth. Diana, Jupiter, Ceres, Cupid, Hermione, Venus, Adonis, &c., are but names for one and the same thing—the creative or generative principle in nature. It is well known to those who have given any attention to the matter that all the gods and goddesses are finally resolvable into one "or at most two." * All the old

* Sir William Jones, Prichard, &c.

mysteries—Eleusinian, Egyptian, &c.—revolved around this central myth. The same symbolism was common to all. In all the lion, eagle and dove figure conspicuously. The whole proposition is summed up in a convenient phrase, "The Sun Myth." Everything creative, whether spiritual or material, here has its origin. The analogies are exact. Without dwelling upon the theme, note the significant name, *Winter's Tale*, which is simply the Ceres' myth.* Note how the names persist in Shakespeare: Lucius, Lucina, Luciana, Hermia, Hermione, Helena, Demetrius, Solinus, Leontes, Leonatus, Leonine, &c.† Observe how often Diana appears, as in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Tempest*, *Pericles*, &c. Observe how peculiar the language quoted above is:—

" More witnesseth than fancy's images
And grows to something of great constancy,
But howsoever strange and admirable."

In the *Tempest* the daughter who was cast away is Miranda. Why is this creature (Marina, Miranda, Perdita, as the case may be) addressed as "O rare one," "O you wonder," "O fairest, sweetest lily," &c.? Prospero says, "Thou wert a cherubim" (of which more anon). Why do we hear so much of the phoenix? a thing rare, unparalleled, unique. This is the thought of the Sonnets over and over again. Arguing upon this Baconian hypothesis, read the sorrow and lamentation of the Sonnets, the regret for separation, &c. Take the curious name Posthumus in *Cymbeline*. Take the lament of Sicilius, Leonatus:—

" I died whilst in the womb he stayed. . . .
Great Nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,

* Cf. Peele, "The Old Wife's Tale."

† *Midsummer Night's Dream* is in this category, since Oberon and Titania are but names for the same things.

*That he deserved the praise of the world.
 In Britain where was he
 That could stand up his parallel :
 Or fruitful object be
 In eye of Imogen, that best
 Could deem his dignity ?
 With marriage wherefore was he mocked,
 To be exiled and thrown
 From Leonati seat and cast
 From her his dearest one
 Sweet Imogen.
 Why hast thou thus adjourned
 The graces for his merits due.
 Help, Jupiter; or we appeal
 To the shining synod of the rest
 Against thy deity.* (Cymb. V. iv. 37).*

After the invocation above, Jupiter descends, seated upon an eagle. He says :—

"Whom best I love I cross : to make my gift,
 The more delayed, delighted. Be content
 Your low-laid son our god-head will uplift. . . .
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen.
 This tablet lay upon his breast wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine." (V. iv. 101.)

Posthumus, awaking, says :—

"Poor wretches that depend
 On greatness's favor dream as I have done,
 Wake, and find nothing." †

He then exclaims :

"A book. O rare one."

He then reads the oracle, and says :

* Compare Love's Martyr where Dame Nature comes weeping to the Parliament of gods. She had placed in the world "One fair white dove, one none such lilly." The author of that work says, "Of a rare peece of art must be my song."

† Cf. Sonnet 87 : "Waking, no such matter."

"'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not. . . .
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it."

If we suppose that Posthumus is Bacon, and Imogen his poetical genius, we shall get the sense and sentiment of the Sonnets, and see the force of the line that "Posthumus anchors upon Imogen."* This, however, is a digression. Let us return to our theme.

Imogen is a "piece of tender air." I have supposed that Imogen is the poet's art or genius; in other words, his poesy. Let us look into this word *air*. We call a tune an air. A musician in the old times was a poet (Orpheus, Arion, the bards, scalds, &c.). The terms were synonymous. Apollo was the patron of both arts. We have assumed that Imogen was not a real woman but a creature feigned, a piece of fancy. In Spenser, the most allegorical of poets, we find something of the same kind. The enchanter Archimago has occasion to create some unreal women, and he makes them out of "liquid" or "subtile" air (F.Q., Book I., Canto 1, verse 45; Book I., Canto 2, verse 3). We first note the name Arch-imago. If we suppose that Imogen represents the author's art, or poetry, can we connect the idea with anything that warrants the assumption? I have already suggested that air, music, and poetry are one. In Brinton's *Myths of the New World* are some curious observations on the great god of the Indians, which it seems was Hurrikan, "a great wind." This was the god of creation. It appears that our words, mind, soul, spirit, come from Greek and Latin roots, signifying air or wind. Thus spirare, animus, anima, anemos, psuche, ghost, geist and gust have reference to air. Morgan Kavanagh,

* "Hang there like fruit, my *soul*." (V. v. 263.)

writing on the Origin of Language and Myth, shows, or seems to show, that wind and mind are literally synonymous, the Sanscrit W being written M in Latin. Anyhow, spiritus, anemos, psuche, ghost, &c., simply mean air in their derivation. Air of course is life. God breathed into Adam a living soul. God's breath (creative) passed over the waters. In death the soul expires in a breath and is figured as a butterfly floating away.* We here find significance in the statement that Imogen is a piece of tender air. Now let us revert to Ariel. Ariel is plainly fancy or imagination. This creature deludes the shipwrecked men with sweet music and various shows. He is the servant of Prospero.† Now take Puck. He belongs to the same tribe. He can put a girdle around the earth in forty minutes and go anywhere. He, too, is a servant. The anonymous poem in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, "Love will find a Way," shows how nearly Puck is related to Cupid.‡ He is, however, a kind of comic Eros, or Cupid Pandemos. Cupid is Nature. Whatever is Nature is important in Shakespeare, whose works are "a map of Nature" and with whom "quick Nature died." He was the man "whom Nature's self had made, herself to imitate" (Spenser).§ In the Greek Anthology, among the miscellaneous parentage of Erebus and Night, the wide ocean, Venus, earth, &c., Cupid is "produced

* "Christians attribute the regeneration of the world to 'holy breath' and Mary."—Inman, "Symbology," p. 92.

† Ariel in the Cloven pine. The pine was sacred to Cybele. Cybele is the same as Venns. Her lover Atis (Adonis) was slain by the wild boar (Winter) and his soul passed into a pine tree. Atis, Adonis and Apollo are the same. Apollo was the god of music and poetry. Adonis was enclosed in a *myrtle* tree, from which he was released. The subject is obscure.

‡ Cf. Crashaw, Cupid's Crier.

§ See the line Supra "Great Nature, like his ancestry."

of the Winds," and he goes about "thinking of good and evil for mankind" (Puck-like).

In view of the foregoing it is easy to associate Imogen, "a piece of tender air," with the idea of imagination or poesy. Air=music=poesy=soul, or imagination. In short, it is a piece of the author's thought, which we have seen in the Sonnets is "slight air." Imogen is lost but in the end restored. Baconians may fairly argue that this has reference to Bacon's poetical writings, which seem lost to him but which will in time be restored. Perdita (=Persephone, the Summer) is likewise lost. In the Sonnets the poet's mistress is likened to a "summer's day." Yet though "devouring Time may blunt the lion's (Sun's) paws, and make the Earth devour her own sweet brood" (Son. 19), yet his love will live in verse. Marina is lost. When Pericles meets her after long separation he abruptly says, "Hark, what music" (V. i. 224). No music is being played, hence Helicanus pertinently says, "My Lord, I hear none" (V. i. 229). Pericles persists, "None! The music of the spheres. List my Marina." When Prospero works his spells he puts on his robe. Pericles on meeting Marina says, "Give me my robe" (V. i. 223), then immediately, "Hark, what heavenly music!"*

It would require too much space to go into the details of the plays in question. Cymbeline is perhaps the most significant, but a few references may be made to Pericles by way of illustration. The device on Pericles' shield is, "A withered branch that's only green

* This robe is commonly supposed to be derived from those worn by astrologers, magicians, &c., but a more significant note may be made on the subject. Anciently there were ceremonial robes, inscribed with representations of the continents, seas, and heavenly bodies, "Maps of Nature," in short, and these were placed upon effigies of the gods when the sun rose so that his beams might illumine them.

at top" (VI. iii. 43), the motto, *In haec spe vivo* (In this hope I live). Does this fit Bacon? I think it does. After the tournament, when Pericles is known, Simonides says to him,

"Sir, you are music's master. In framing an artist Art hath thus decreed, to make some good, but others to succeed; and you are her labored scholar."

What earthly warrant there is for this language in the context I have not been able to discover. Pericles, speaking of his father and his own condition, says—

"Where now his son's like a glow worm in the night,
The which hath fire* in darkness, none in light."

Simonides says of Pericles, "He's but a country gentleman." Of Marina, Pericles says, "Now mild may be thy life, for a more blustrous birth had never babe." Does this suggest the noise and tumult of a theatre? Gower says of Marina:

"Now to Marina bend your mind, trained in music and letters; who hath gained of education all the grace, which makes her both the heart and place of general wonder."

It is pathetic to think of Shakespeare's daughter, who could neither read nor write. Marina, "with rich and constant pen vails to her mistress Dian." She was born in a "tempest."

"This world to me is like a lasting storm, whirring me from my friends."

Still she is a "paragon," "a princess to equal any single crown O' the earth in the just compare." She died (putatively) "by foul play," and Gower as Chorus says:

"Let Pericles *believe* his daughter dead and bear his courses to be ordered by *Lady Fortune*."

* Fire. See Post. It is a large subject.

Lysander says to Marina in the brothel (the stage?),

"How long have you been of this profession? (IV. vi. 78.)

Mar.—As long as I can remember. I am a maid, though fortune have placed me in this sty."

Gower says—

"She sings like an immortal,^o (V. Gower 3.)
Deep clerks she dumbs,
And with her needle composes
Natures own shape."

The First Lord says, of Pericles—

"We have a maid in Mytilene I durst wager would win some words of him.

Lys.—'Tis well bethought, she, questionless, with her sweet harmony and other chosen attractions would allure, &c.
(V. i. 42.)

Marina says to Pericles—

"I am a maid that ne'er before invited eyes, but have been gazed on like a comet. My derivation was from ancestors who stoof equivalent with mighty kings. But time hath rooted out my parentage and *to the world and awkward casualties bound me in servitude.*" † (V. i. 85.)

Pericles perceives she is a paragon "Who starves the years she feeds and makes them hungry," and finally recognises her for his daughter.

A very little attention will discover a well-marked family likeness between Marina, Miranda, Perdita, and Imogen. This girl who is lost is invariably "a rare one," "a wonder," "a nonpareil," "a phoenix," &c. Miranda was only a babe when the storm threatened to overwhelm the ship in which she and Prospero were embarked. She tells Prospero she must have been a sore trial to him at this time. On the contrary we find she was his greatest consolation! A loved child is not

^o Cf. Imogen, "How like an angel he (she) sings." † Cf. Ariel.

much consolation in a storm at sea. It is perhaps fanciful, but Prospero's remark, "Thou wert a cherubim," is peculiar. Superficially a cherubim is a cupid. Cupid is closely associated with the poet's art.* Cherubim, however, was also the name of the Assyrian winged bulls, which were solar emblems, therefore identical with Adonis, Apollo, Venus, the Phœnix, &c., all of which symbolize nature, but especially the generative principle in nature.† To Baconians the argument is inevitable that the four late plays dealing with a rare and wonderful thing that is lost or separated, to be restored in the end, and which may be identified with the author's work (poetry), shadow the Baconian authorship. I have no theory of my own to offer on the subject.

A word remains to be said. Anyone versed in mythology will perceive that the symbolism of the plays is solar. The sun is the great creative force in the world. Nature and Creation are the master ideas of the myth. A symbolic portrait of Bacon shows him in a medallion. By the side of this is another medallion showing the rising sun, with the words "*Exortus ut Aetherius Sol.*" Between the two is Nature in the guise of the Ephesian Diana. Spenser addresses Shakespeare as "Aetion," the eaglet.‡ The eagle is the symbol of the sun. Jacob Bryant (*Antient Mythology*, Vol. I., p. 21) says Ait was a name of the sun. "It relates to fire, heat, and light; and the consequences of heat. It was also a name given to the eagle, as the bird particularly sacred to the sun: and Homer alludes to the original meaning of the word when he terms the eagle Αἰερός

* See Sonnets, the Stratford Monument, &c.

† The learned Jacob Bryant says Assyria is derived from a word meaning fire or heat. Heat is always associated with the idea of creation. (See Post.)

‡ Imogen says, "I chose an eagle."

ἄθων. Ham, as the sun, was styled Ait, and Egypt, the land of Ham, had in consequence the name Ait, rendered by the Greeks Aetia." In Drayton's *Idea* is a remarkable Sonnet addressed to the eaglet, which palpably refers to Shakespeare. Why do these writers call Shakespeare an eagle? Bacon says: "Some writings have more of the eagle in them," referring, of course, to the piercing glance of the eagle.

"Bacon erected a statue of Orpheus, and inscribed on it 'Philosophy Personified.'" My scholarship does not enable me to speak with much confidence of etymology, but I think we may find some connection between Bacon's *Aetherius Sol* and philosophy as thus personified. The sun was the grand object of religious veneration with all antiquity. The idea of associating knowledge with light is a law of the mind. The idea has a very rational basis. Our modern scientific view of the sun does not differ essentially from the poetic gropings of the ancients. They recognised by a necessary intuition that the sun is the source of all life, and by a mental law, absolute and inevitable, this luminary became symbolic of mind, soul, intellect and genius. Mind and matter unfailingly reflect each other. As Emerson says: "One is seal, the other print." Which is the seal and which the print we do not know, and, as Kant showed, cannot know. The mind is great, but we must not forget, says Tyndall, that "this mysterious substance which we call matter is at bottom essentially mystical and transcendental." But Plutarch had said this long before Tyndall.* That poetry and science are one at bottom cannot be doubted. We see every day the plodding verdicts of science anticipated by the fiery oracles of the poets. Induction has been vastly overrated in our time. As

* "Matter, though it were never so despicable, is spirit."—*Carlyle*.

much, perhaps more, has been gained to the world by deduction. The mind has inherent, *a priori* powers by which, independently of experience, and unconsciously, it makes great discoveries. Socrates knew this when he said the poets uttered great thoughts without knowing it. Wordsworth meant the same thing when he finely spoke of poetry as "the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." Geometry was originally a toy, an intellectual abstraction. After a thousand years or so it was seen to be a law of the universe, which gave us the beautiful science of astronomy. The mind, however unconsciously, is in contact with reality, and out of its depths will utter truth. How else could the ancients conceive of atoms, evolution, the attraction of gravity, &c.? The mind, in fact, seems a sensitive organ, which, if we let it, is played upon by elemental truth as the Æolian harp by the winds, and trembles responsive to these light touches. The Mystics express this "influx of deity" variously as "union," "illumination," "intuition," &c. It comes only rarely, and usually in a mental state which they call the "divine dark." The cast of this thought is determined by the constitution of a man's mind, that is, it is temperamental. In one it will be vague, subjective, mystical, in short, religious. In another it will be dreamy, impassioned, emotional, that is, poetic. In another it will be logical, discriminating, and clear, and we have a philosopher or scientist. In all one characteristic is more or less constant—imagination. It is the power of dreaming that has given us civilisation. All men dream, but the faculty of realising great dreams is what makes great men. Poetry, said Socrates, is a kind of day-dreams, or dreaming awake. It is the scientific imagination, says Tyndall, that leads to great discoveries. Without prolonging the discussion I think it must be evident that finally and essentially

poetry, religion, and philosophy are the same. In the fable, Love, through harmony, created all things. Harmony is Truth, because every truth must "square" with all truth. Truth is philosophy. The harmony of things is musical, therefore poetical. What is the meaning of the words "truth" and "beauty" in the Sonnets if not this?

We finally return to the statue of Orpheus, inscribed "Philosophy Personified," and Bacon's *Aethereus Sol*. The solar symbolism is everywhere implicit in Bacon and Shakespeare. The endless Lucinas, Lucianas, Lucios, Luciuses, Leontes, Leonatis, Leonines, Helenas, Hermias, Hermiones, &c., of Shakespeare are solar. The Eagles, Aetions, &c., of Spenser, Drayton, and others, as applied to Shakespeare, are the same. The Cupids, Phœnixes, Dianas, Ceres, Demetriuses, Venuses, and Adonises have the same significance. All have reference to Nature and the creative, generative functions of heat and light, symbolised by the sun, the great source of all. We find that the words Or, Our, Ur, Aur, are common radicals in solar terminology. The ancients worshipped primarily the "bright gods," although these same deities, under other names, were worshipped in their dark or winter aspect. Jupit-ur is the sun, or more generally, "as the name implies, the bright, luminous sky." Our-anus is the same. Bald-ur is the Scandinavian Apollo, or sun. Or-us, the Egyptian. Or-ion has, properly, the same significance;* hence, Or-acle. Thus far my authorities. I feel sure, however, that we must include Orpheus in the list. "Ur, Aur," says Jacob Bryant, "means fire, heat, or that which proceeds from heat." The authorities agree that all the Culture-Heroes—Dag-on, Oannes, Hermes, Vishnu, Osirus, Dionysus, &c., were solar deities. Orpheus was the Greek Culture-Hero.

* Bryant, "Antient Mythology."

He came into Greece from Thrace, teaching the people the arts and sciences, and softening their manners by the power of his music. "All the legends and traditions of Thrace," says Mitford, "are more or less bound up with music." If Orpheus does not belong in this category my deductions are greatly at fault. Orpheus is called a muscian. But if we read the Orphic poems we find they are gravely philosophical. It requires no great stretch of imagination to conceive of Orpheus as Philosophy Personified. In this sense Mr. Bayley speaks of Bacon as a "Master Musician."* My paper deals with Imogen as Music Personified. By music, however, I mean mind, soul, poetry, art.

If truth and harmony are the same, as they must be, then poetry and philosophy are one.

C. G. HORNOR.

DUOLOGUE

Characters—LORD VERULAM AND ENQUIRER.

Enquirer.—Hamlet [Act III., Scene iii.] quotes half a proverb: "While the grass grows." Can you supply the rest?

Lord Ver.—While the grass grows, the horse starveth [*Promus*].

Enquirer.—Hamlet, in the next line, taking a recorder in his hand, draws analogies between himself and it. Have you any knowledge of that instrument?

Lord Ver.—The figures of recorders and flutes and pipes are straight, but the recorder hath a less bore and a greater, above and below. [*Nat. History*, p. 52 Fol.]. Flutes and pipes

* Muse is derived from *musai*, seekers, or discoverers.

. . . will not give sound by a blast at the end as recorders do [p. 33].

Enquirer.—Thank you. You must tell us more. Hamlet pretends to a considerable knowledge of the instrument. He bids Guildenstern, "Play upon this pipe," and says, "'Tis as easy as lying." And again: "Give it breath with your mouth . . . and it will discourse eloquent music." What do *you* think?

Lord Ver.—When the air is pent and straitened, mere breath or other blowing, which carry but a gentle percussion, suffice to create sound. As in pipes and wind instruments . . . recorders go with a gentle breath [*Ibid.*].

Enquirer.—What did Hamlet mean by saying "as easy as lying?"

Lord Ver.—All speech, which is one of the gentlest motions of air, is with expulsion of a little breath [p. 36]. We see likewise that in pipes and other wind instruments the sound lasteth no longer than the breath bloweth [p. 50].

Enquirer.—Hamlet speaks of something yet to be done in using a recorder. "Govern those ventages," he says, "with your finger and thumb." And again: "Look you, these are the stops." Can you tell us anything about the stops?

Lord Ver.—As for the stops . . . it will best appear in the bores of wind-instruments. Mark what fall of tone every one giveth . . . It is not unlikely that those that make recorders . . . know this already [p. 44].

Enquirer.—Guildenstern says, speaking of those same

stops, "These cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill." How would you express a maker of music?

Lord Ver.—Skilled in all kinds of harmony ["Wisdom of the Ancients:" Orpheus].

Enquirer.—Did Guildenstern need to be in sympathy with Hamlet to play on him harmoniously?

Lord Ver.—All concords and discords in music are no doubt sympathies and antipathies. Out of question, equality and correspondence are the causes of harmony [p. 31, *Nat. History*]. Pleasures . . . of the ear are but the effect of equality, good proportion, or correspondence [p. 31].

Enquirer.—Do you understand the scale of a recorder? Hamlet says, "You would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass."

Lord Ver.—In a recorder the three uppermost notes yield one tone, which is a note lower than the tone of the first three [p. 45].

Enquirer.—Hamlet uses the word "excellent" in speaking of music: "There is much music, *excellent* voice in a recorder. Do you endorse that expression?

Lord Ver.—The heavens . . . in some dreams . . . have been said to make an excellent music [p. 32].

Enquirer.—What kind of excellent voice is in a recorder? What did Hamlet mean?

Lord Ver.—The quaverings and warblings in . . . pipes [p. 63], with a sweet degree of sibilation or purling [p. 54]. The quavering

which please so much in music . . . as the moonbeams playing on a wave [p. 31].

Enquirer.—From the musical standpoint, how do you explain Hamlet's words, "You would pluck out the heart of my mystery?"

Lord Ver.—The strangest secrets in sounds [p. 46]. The secret of numbers and proportions. Music in the theory hath been . . . reduced into certain mystical subtleties [p. 29]. Sound is one of the most hidden portions of nature [p. 63].

Enquirer.—Besides saying, "You would pluck out the heart of my mystery," Hamlet adds, "*Sound* me from my lowest note to the top of my compass."

Lord Ver.—Mark what fall of tone . . . diligently observe what . . . distance of stop . . . maketh what rise of sound, then the great secret . . . will appear [p. 44].

Enquirer.—Then Hamlet is quite within his rights as a musician when he speaks of his "mystery?"

Lord Ver.—The just and measured proportion of the air percussed towards the baseness or trebleness of tones is one of the greatest secrets [p. 44].

Enquirer.—One thing more. What instrument was Hamlet thinking of when he said, "Call me what instrument you will; though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me?"

Lord Ver.—Trial may be made of lute or viol [p. 54].

Enquirer.—Why so?

Lord Ver.—The bow tortureth the string continually

and thereby holdeth it in a continual trepidation [p. 37].

Enquirer.—You mean Hamlet now describes himself as a stringed instrument, which Guildenstern is sounding unskillfully?

Lord Ver.—The sound being produced between the string and the air . . . by the return . . . of the string, which was strained by the touch [p. 37].

Enquirer.—Strained by the touch?

Lord Ver.—We see in strings the more they are wound up and strained . . . give a more quick start back [p. 43]. As for the stops, you are to take the number of frets [p. 44].

Enquirer.—Hamlet's frets were certainly numberless! They did not make for concord!

Lord Ver.—Of the concords and discords . . . we have touched before [p. 44].

Enquirer.—Yes, in describing his pipe.

Lord Ver.—His pipe . . . plainly denotes the consent and harmony, or the concords and discords of things ["Wisdom of the Ancients:" Pan].

Enquirer.—According to you, the play of *Hamlet* seems to . . .

Lord Ver.—To hold out a picture of universal philosophy [*Ibid.*].

Enquirer.—And Hamlet himself, who was he—Orpheus or Philosophy?

Lord Ver.— . . . skilled in all kinds of harmony, subduing and drawing all things after him by sweet and gentle methods and modulations [Orpheus or Philosophy: "Wisdom of the Ancients"].

Enquirer.—That sounds like the Hercules Lucian saw represented in Gaul. He drew after him an infinite multitude of persons by imperceptible chains fastened to their ears. A Druid told Lucian that Hercules in that country was called *Ogonius*, which means “Man of letters,” and did not signify strength of body, but of mind. What have you to say of this?

Lord Ver.—The labours of Orpheus exceed the labours of Hercules, both in power and dignity, as the works of knowledge exceed the works of strength [“Wisdom of the Ancients:” Orpheus or Philosophy].

Enquirer.—Saxo Grammaticus represented his *Amleth* as strong of body, *Hercules*, the “club-bearer.” Our English play improves on this view of the Danish Prince, though certainly there is a suggestion of Hercules’ reforms in his cry—

“The time is out of joint, O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right.”

Lord Ver.—The voyage of Hercules made in a pitcher . . . bears an allusion to the Word of God coming in a frail vessel to redeem mankind [“Wisdom of the Ancients”].

Enquirer.—You are as interested in Hercules as Hamlet is. He alludes to him three times—pathetically enough when he says, “Let Hercules himself do what he may” (V. i. 315). Then we may consider our Shakespeare plays parables?

Lord Ver.—Every man of learning must readily allow that this method of instruction is grave,

sober, or exceeding useful, and sometimes necessary in the sciences, as it opens an easy and familiar passage to the human understanding ["Wisdom of the Ancients"].

NOTES FROM GERMANY

IN the January contribution entitled: "The most recent Contributions of German Scholarship in the Bacon-Shakespeare Question," Rob. M. Theobald, M.A., kindly speaks of the modest attempt I made to popularize in Germany Begley's excellent book, "Bacon's Nova Resuscitatio," and some other recent books of research concerning the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. This attempt of mine, first given in three papers to the September, October and November issues of the *Südwestdeutsche Schulblätter* (1906), was afterwards published in pamphlet form with the title: "*Die Apotheose Bacon-Shakespeares*,"* the result of which has not been as yet very successful. Our Shakespearean champions in Germany did not condescend to take notice of it. Some of them to whom a copy was sent did not even take the trouble to acknowledge the receipt of the same. From England, whither a few copies were likewise forwarded, an answer was returned by Professor Edward Dowden, who writes as follows: "Having read a good part of what has been written by the Baconians, I remain firm in my belief. But I am not so bigoted in my orthodoxy that I cannot try to learn whatever I may from 'heretics' [the inverted commas are his], who have made a real study of the subject," etc. I consider this a gentlemanly and straightforward answer. So

* "*Die Apotheose Bacon-Shakespeares, eine Studie*," published at Karlsruhe, Verlag der Hofbuchhandlung von Friedrich Gutsch, price 6d.

long as the opponents in this controversy readily acknowledge each other's *earnest* endeavours to discover truth, there is hope for a final agreement.

The sum total of the answers I have received from the "Fatherland" is this: Many learned people in Germany freely admit, with the Baconians, that the authorship of Shakespeare's plays by the playactor Shakspere is to be regarded as a very doubtful matter. They find it interesting to be taught how the mental development of Bacon, as shown in his life and writings, is strikingly similar to that of "Shakespeare" as exhibited in his poems. But they need confirmation by documents in order to make the evidence complete and incontestable. Some of our most learned men, being persons of rank and quality, fight shy, fearing the anathemas of our recognised combative Shakespeare leaders. They are, as I would say, Kryptobaconians. Yet I would not go so far as Bleibtreu, the Rutland champion, who asserts that some of the leaders are not only Kryptobaconians, but rather Pseudoshakespeareans, not having the courage of their opinions.

Our leading papers shew the same weakness. About a dozen of them to whom I sent comments upon Bleibtreu's lucubrations "blazoned forth, by his friends, with flourish of trumpets," sent polite answers to the purport: That they could not possibly enter, in their columns, into a thorny controversy about this doubtful and much debated subject. What a pity that Karl Bleibtreu himself, who has so many literary friends and supporters in Germany, while following the will-o-wisp-like "Shakespeare Gospel" of Peter Alvor, has slipped into the Rutland rut. He might have been the man to sound the watchword, and to give the whole movement a different turn. He, at least, is one of the few in this country who have made Bacon's works a subject of research, though his study apparently has

not gone deep enough. He does not know Begley's books, or Begley's methods, nor the recent Baconian publications, nor, as it seems, the *Manes Verulamiani*. What if Bleibtreu, adopting the Baconian side of the controversy, had tried, for instance, to give a good and current translation in verse of the 32 elegies published by Professor George Cantor, in 1897, in the pamphlet *Resurrectio Divi Quirini Francisci Baconi*? When this little book was published, the ground, it is true, was not sufficiently prepared in Germany to appreciate this revelation. A short time before (on the 23rd of April, 1895) his Excellency, Herr Geheime Rat Kuno Fischer, the highly honoured "præceptor Germaniæ," had delivered at Weimar his great fiat against the Baconians, and the whole of the Weimar audience worshipped at his feet. *Magister locutus, causa finita est*. Quite slowly, however, the spirits have been recovering since from that staggerer, and if Bleibtreu, as another past-master, had given us, instead of his Rutland, a masterly translation of the "Manes," from a Baconian point of view, as no doubt he could have done, he would have awakened resounding echoes throughout Germany, and would have carried with him thousands of staunch followers; whilst now with his Rutland theory he stands deplorably alone.

There was a time in this country, in the middle of the last century, when our most learned men, as George Gervinus, and with him Kuno Fischer, in his first brilliant career, anticipated or seemed to feel, as it were, the identity, the univocal thought and reasoning in the dual genius Bacon-Shakespeare. Spedding's edition was not available then, unhappily, and a few years later the quiet course of events was dismally disturbed by Donnelly's Great Cryptogram. Von Eckstaedt and Edwin Bormann, who partly based their opinion on Donnelly, were condemned along with Donnelly by

Kuno's sweeping anathema. The great teacher of philosophy, Kuno Fischer, who is now 84 years old, was, I regret to say, seized with some mental disorder some five years ago, and has resigned his professorship of late. When one of his friends, while paying a visit, told him once in his retirement of a recent re-awakening of the Bacon myth, he is reported to have replied: "If that be so, and if Bacon really turns out to be Shakespeare, this would be the greatest disillusion of my life."

Well, the time is sure to come when some of our exalted Shakespeare pilots will have to go through those Caudine Forks of disillusion (humiliating when stubbornly opposed), and when competent German scholars shall march side by side with the English and American Baconians "to dig out, metaphorically speaking, the world's greatest author and benefactor from the obscurity with which he has enshrouded most of his writings," as Parker Woodward says in his January contribution. And I make bold to add that the upshot of this digging will lead mankind, "in a far-off perfected time," to view the Bacon-Shakespeare work from an altogether higher standard than most of the diggers of our time, still steeped in traditional views, are dreaming of. There seems to lie in store for us a world of thought and suggestion of which we hardly have an inkling as yet. It will be a revelation as important as the unearthing of the Ancient World by the recent archæological excavations, or the invention of the prospective glasses three hundred years ago.

But we ought to do something to accelerate the progress of this re-awakening of Shakespeare research. Our learned professors and literary men storm as yet against Bacon, without having read his works. Calculating roughly, there are now hardly sixteen or eighteen copies of Bacon's works in Spedding's edition to be

found throughout Germany. There is one in the University library at Strassburg, of Freiburg i. Br., and Heidelberg respectively. One was purchased of late by the University library of Wurzburg. As to Baconian literature, there is an abundance of it at Strassburg and at Leipzig. But there are, presumably, some libraries annexed to our Universities where there is hardly a singly copy of Baconian literature to be obtained for love or money. I have tried, of late, to have our new Heidelberg library enriched in this respect, and some Baconians, as R. M. Theobald, Parker Woodward and George James were kind enough to present some books from their own private libraries. I am glad to say, besides, that our head librarian (Oberbibliothekar Dr. Wille) was most obliging in purchasing some of the recent Baconian publications, such as the books of Edwin Reed, Begley's "Resuscitatio," and the third series of BACONIANA. Yet, while reading Begley's investigations and Parker Woodward's "Early Life," I find that we lack still a great deal of Baconian literature, as, for instance, the Bodenham Series and others.

GUST. HOLZER.

Heidelberg, 25th May, 1907.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF *TAMBURLAINE* AND THE OTHER MARLOWE PLAYS

I NOW approach a question which has proved the most difficult of all I have hitherto tried, and its offered solution is not by any means so satisfactory as I should wish. It is, however, only collateral with the Bacon-Shakespeare question, and whether my solution be right or wrong, it will affect very little the arguments by which I claim to have established the Baconian authorship of the Shake-speare Poems and Sonnets.

I know I shall be met with the initial difficulty that the authorship of *Tamburlaine*, *Faustus*, and the rest, is absolutely undisturbed by any cogent criticism whatever, that it is *per se* incontrovertible, and that the plays have always passed under the name of that unfortunate genius, young Kit Marlowe, who was stabbed before he was thirty. All the best critics have acknowledged this, and have also said that none of Shakespeare's predecessors came so near to his genius and power as did Marlowe. And for more than 300 years no critic or editor of Marlowe's works has so much as breathed a suspicion against his authorship. Is it not foolish to raise the question now? Is it not worse than Bacon-Shakespeare folly? Yes, it seems so, most certainly. I admit the charge, but I hope that the line I intend to take in discussing the Marlowe Plays will prevent my readers from dismissing the case in disgust, for it will not be dogmatic in any way, but rather suggestive and interrogatory. I do not say that "Bacon wrote Marlowe" any more than that "Bacon wrote Shakespeare." I think that neither assertion is entirely correct, nor do I think that either can ever be proved. I know some Baconians say that the last assertion is "triumphantly

proved already," and in BACONIANA, p. 197, for July of this year (1903), a gentleman does not hesitate to say so. Such people either misunderstand the difficulties that are before them, or else mistake the full meaning of their assertion.

I claim a hearing on far less dogmatic grounds than these, and will begin by explaining how I first came to examine the matter. The question arose when I was dealing with the authorship of *Lucrece* and the Shake-speare Sonnets. I came to the conclusion, which I still firmly hold, unshaken as yet by orthodox critics, that Francis Bacon was the writer of this wonderful poetry, and I was strengthened in my conviction by remembering that Sir Thomas Bodley had hinted pretty plainly in one of his letters that Bacon had wasted much time in his youth over poetry and such-like literary toys. I was then confronted by the puzzling thought that we had nothing of Bacon's poetry extant belonging to that productive *decennium* of a poet's life between the twenty-second and thirty-second year of his age, and it struck me that if he proved so secretive about *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* and early plays when he was about 33, he would very likely be equally secretive during the ten or so previous years. If Bacon allowed "Shake-speare's" name to be subscribed to his poems in 1593 and 1594 why should he not also allow someone else to get the credit of his earlier literary work of 1583—1593? But was there any poetry in that *decennium* at all equaling his wonderful firstfruits of poem and drama? Yes, undoubtedly there was. Kit Marlowe, if he had lived (so some excellent critics assert), might have gone even beyond Shakespeare; and some of his plays can be hardly distinguished from Shakespeare's best by the most discriminating mind. What if Bacon hid his fine dramatic talent under Marlowe's name? "Absurd" is the first answer to this. "None but a crank would say

so" is the second, and possibly the third answer will be, "Why, Marlowe's authorship is as clear as day; there's any amount of evidence for him—go and look it up." Well, I *have* looked it up, with the result that I found the evidence, both external and internal, very much weaker than I had even suspected, and what is more, I have effectually demolished the last remaining piece of contemporary external evidence for Marlowe that the critics had in their budget—at least I think so, until the contrary be shown.

So with this explanation I will proceed to lay down in succession the evidences and inferences which gradually brought me to see some possibility of the truth of that conclusion which I had admitted at first to be, in my own opinion, most highly improbable.

The first thing that made me start on this apparently "wild-goose chase," and startled me as well, was the discovery of Bacon's cipher FRA. B. stamped on the very beginning of Marlowe's first great play—*Tamburlaine*; stamped rather differently, but almost as convincingly, as upon the beginning of *Lucrece*. This made me read through all Marlowe's plays again, with my eyes open to anything that might point to Francis Bacon. The thought has never once entered my head of *effacing* Marlowe altogether, as some people nowadays try to *efface* Shakspeare of Stratford. Such ideas are simply ridiculous. We have the best of evidence from contemporaries that Marlowe was an excellent poet. He had not been dead many weeks when George Peele spoke of him by name:

— unhappy in thine end,
Marley, the muses' darling for thy verse.

These words are from the Prologue to *The Honour of the Honourable Order of the Garter*, written when the Earl of Northumberland was created Knight of that

Order, June 26, 1593. There is other evidence of the highest kind from Drayton, Chapman, and others who knew him and give praise to his mighty verse, but unfortunately they do not give us the necessary information we require about *Tamburlaine* and *Faustus* and the MSS. which were published in such a doubtful way after Marlowe's death. Admitting Marlowe to be an excellent poet, it does not therefore follow that *Tamburlaine*, *Faustus*, &c., as we have them are his. So I proceeded to examine. I soon noticed that Marlowe's style was very extravagant—but there was a sweet extravagance in it again and again, which recurred most distinctly in some of the finest passages of the Shakespeare plays. I saw, too, that the plays, *Tamburlaine*, *Dr. Faustus*, and *The Jew of Malta* were in the Ercles vein and were in the very style of, and had to do with, the same exaggerated claims for power and influence which were such a marked feature in that megalomaniac *Nebermensch* Francis Bacon, whether we consider him in youth occupied with his *Greatest Birth of Time*, or, in later and more philosophical days, occupied with schemes and methods of investigating and conquering Nature, of which schemes even now his best interpreters can hardly rise to a just or sufficient appreciation.

Next I saw there was much mystery and difficulty as to finding out when these plays were really written and produced. It seemed, too, as if Marlowe's name was never attached to the printed copies; they were strictly anonymous as long as he was alive.

And what is still more important, there is "no *decisive* piece of *external* evidence to fix the authorship on Marlowe." These last words are not mine but are from the excellent preface that Mr. Bullen adds to the last edition of Marlowe's works that has been given to the public.

We are left, therefore, to *internal* evidence. It was not quite so in the last generation, for it was then held

that Mr. Payne Collier had "proved very conclusively that Marlowe was the author of *Tamburlaine*."

This was the opinion of Mr. Knight in his Edition of Shakespeare, and indeed of all critics, until Mr. Payne Collier's conclusive proof was found to be one of his numerous forgeries. For this disgraceful "Old Corrector" had inserted in a vacant space in the MS. of Henslowe's Diary, which the Dulwich authorities had allowed Mr. Collier to prepare for publication, an account of a payment to Dekker for writing a prologue to *Marlowe's Tamburlaine*.

TAMERLANE AND TEMER CAN, TAMBER CAM

THERE seem to have been two plays produced between 1590 and 1594 of somewhat similar name, and possibly similar character as well. Henslowe writes them down for us in his original spelling as Tambercame and Tamberlin. The latter is undoubtedly *Tamburlaine*, but of the former play it would be very interesting if we could find some particulars; we really only know the dates, or some of the dates, on which it was played. Like *Tamburlaine* it had two parts. This is what we know of it from Henslowe's Diary.

		Proceeds.
29 April, 1592.	2nd part Tambercame	£3 4 0
10 May, 1592.	" "	1 17 0
26 May, 1592.	" "	1 16 6
19 Jan., 1593.	" "	1 16 0

This play was certainly not *Tamburlaine*, for on 28th August, 1594, we find Tamberlin was produced and brought in as proceeds (share) £3 11s., and afterwards

very frequently up to 29th January, 1595, when the 2nd part of Tamberlin was produced.

We know next to nothing about this play of Tamber-came, but Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, says "The true artificer will not fly from humanity with the Tamerlanes and Tamer-Chams of the late age, which had nothing in them but the scenical strutting and furious vociferation to warrant them to the ignorant gapers." According to Ben Jonson's spelling (Tamer-Cham) it looks as if the hero of the play would be some Khan or Cham of Tartary, perhaps Temir Can or Timur Khan. Now here I am reminded of what Puttenham says (p. 77, edition 1811): "A great Emperor in Tartary whom they call *Can* . . . was surnamed Temir Cutzclewe. This man loved the Lady *Kermesine*, who presented him returning from the conquest of *Corassoon* (a great kingdom adjoining) with this *Lozange* made in letters of rubies and diamonds enter-mingled thus :—

Sound
O Harpe
Shril lie out
Temir the stout
Rider who with sharpe
Trenching blade of bright steele
Hath made his fiercest foes to feele
All such as wrought him shame or harme
The strength of his brave right arme,
Cleaving hard downe vnto the eyes
The raw skulles of his enemies,
Much honor hath he wonne
By doughtie deeds done
In Cora soon
And all the
Worlde
Round.

To which *Can Temir* answered in *Fuzie*, with letters of emeralds and ametists, artificially cut and enter-mingled."

Thereupon follows another shaped verse, longer and narrower, like a spindle or *Fuzie*.

Where Puttenham (? Bacon) managed to find all this curious information about Cantemir or Timur-Can and the Lady Kermesine I cannot tell. I have turned over many books and sought carefully for some clue, but as yet I have found none satisfactory. The Lady Kermesine induced me to refer to the "Romances of Chivalry," and I there found that a Princess Carmesina, daughter of the Emperor of Constantinople, was the heroine of the early romance, "Tirante the White," but I found nothing corresponding to Cantermir and the shaped verses. I next found that Demetrius Cantemir was a Moldavian of princely family and literary tastes, but posterior to Elizabeth times. However, he called to mind the Prince of Moldavia, whom Ben Jonson, in his *Silent Woman*, couples with Nomentack, the Virginian, as a pair that Sir John Daw (or Bacon) took a great interest in. Gifford could find nothing about this prince, but I came across a reference to him in Nichol's "Progresses of King James" (II. 157). "The Turk and the Prince of Moldavia are now going away" from London, and another when £3,000 is given to him by King James to assist his projects. This prince was known as John-Bogdan, and as the Moldavian succession to the throne was contested he went about Europe getting help, and in the year 1607 came to England. But he was not the first Moldavian prince who had come to London in Bacon's time. About the year 1590, or earlier, there came to London a Moldavian pretender to the throne named Aaron, who sought for the influence of the British Ambassador at Constantinople and eventually ruled Moldavia for some years.* Bacon,

* Urechi, Gregoire, "Chronique de Moldavie." Paris. 1878.

who took great interest in distinguished foreigners and in foreign politics generally, would be sure to know all he could about Aaron. Whether Aaron had anything to do with the name chosen for the Moor in *Titus Andronicus* I do not know, but both in Puttenham's reference to the Tartar Khan, and also in *Tamburlaine* and the *Jew of Malta*, there seems a knowledge of Tartar and Turkish history drawn from sources which do not seem at present accessible even in the British Museum. For instance, Barabas, the Jew of Malta, is supposed by Leon Kellner ("English Studies," X., 80) to be drawn from Juan Miques, or Joannes Michesins, or Marrano, who fled to Venice and Constantinople, professed Judaism as Joseph Nassi, rose step by step at the Turkish Court of Soliman, and was by Selim II. made Duke of Naxos.

I can find little or nothing about this Jew of Naxos in the time of Selim II., nor yet about Cantemir who loved the Lady Kermosine, and my impression is that these histories are embedded in Italian sixteenth century books not possessed by our great libraries. The fact is that after the fall of Constantinople many Greeks went to Italy and settled there and wrote, no doubt, many books about the Tartars and the Turks which have not come down to us.

To sum up ; the inference I draw from these curious out-of-the-way allusions is this—That Bacon is more likely than anyone else to have interested himself in Moldavian politics and in Italian accounts of the Turks and Tartars, much more than Marlowe. I can also hardly believe that Ben Jonson is really referring to the famous play *Tamburlaine* at all, but to some play *Tamerlane* on which *Tamburlaine* was built. For why should the form *Tamerlane* be written by Ben when every edition of the play has *Tamburlaine* ?

Moreover, Jonson was an excellent critic and he

must have discerned that there was something more than "scenical strutting and furious vociferation" in many parts of this wonderful play. I have no doubt that Marlowe wrote many plays for his company of players, and he may have written a *Tamerlane* and *Tamer Cam* before *Tamburlaine* was committed to the Press through the printer, Richard Jhones, for Ben Jonson refers to such plays with strong censure, and Greene, in his *Perimedes*, 1588, had spoken with scorn of those poets "who set the end of scollarisme in an English blank verse," and then goes on to mention "that atheist Tamburlain daring God out of heaven." But *Tamburlaine*, as we have it in print, has not an atheist for its hero, but one who professes to be "the scourge of God," and says again and again :

There is a God, full of revenging wrath
From whom the thunder and the lightning breaks
Whose scourge I am, and Him will I obey.

For He is God alone and none but He.

—2 Tamb., V. i.

And in connection with "that atheist Tamburlain" Greene mentions verses "getting upon the stage in tragical buskins . . . blaspheming with the mad priest of the sun."

This latter play is lost,* and so may be the case with the original play. Greene speaks of the authors of such plays as "mad and scoffing poets," and Peele is placed far above such writers by him, and I cannot help thinking that when Greene wrote these words in 1588 he had never seen the later *Tamburlaine* so carefully expurgated from "fond and frivolous gestures" and presented to the world without the name of any author by R. Jhones, the printer, some years later.

In 1596 appeared the following Folio:—

* Unless the mad Jeronimo of *The Spanish Tragedy* is meant.

The Historie of George Castriot, surnamed Scanderbeg, King of Albanie . . . comprised in twelve Bookes. By Jaques de Lavardin, Lord of Plessis Bourrot, a nobleman of France. Newly translated out of French into English by Z. I., Gentleman. London, 1596. T. Field's Printer's Mark.

Mr. W. L. Rushton has given in *Notes and Queries* several examples of curious phrases and words which occur in Shakespeare and seem evidently derived from the perusal of this book. I infer, then, that Bacon had read this book when it first came out, and phrases had impressed themselves on his mind, or, still more likely, had been transferred to his note-books of formularies for future use.

If Bacon wrote, or even if he only admired, *Tamburlaine*, how likely would he be to read Scanderbeg. He used him, it seems, chiefly for *Macbeth*, and it is very remarkable to observe the number of passages in *Macbeth* where the Marlowe style is unmistakable. Mr. R. M. Theobald, who deserves the credit of this, points out no less than thirty-six passages of a Marlowesque character in this great tragedy of Shakespeare.* Here is one:—

And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fixed his head upon the battlements.

—*Macbeth* I. ii. 21.

Which takes us back to Marlowe:—

Then from the navel to the throat at once
He ripp'd old Priam.—*Dido* II. ii. 255.

And, as I would suggest, takes us farther back still to Puttenham and Kan Temir the Stout, of whom we have just read above:

The strength of his brave right arme

◦ "Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light," p. 428.

Cleaving hard down unto the eyes
The raw skulles of his enemies.

And there are several notices of skull-cleavage in *Tamburlaine*.

Nor must it be forgotten how strongly the famous plagiarism from Spenser's *Faerie Queene* found in the 2nd Part of *Tamburlaine*, points towards Bacon and his peculiar methods. I will first give Spenser's simile:—

Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
On top of green Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily

Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At every little breath that under heaven is blown.

Faerie Queene I. c. vii. st. 32.

Next the passage from *Tamburlaine*:—

And in my helm a triple plume shall spring
Spangled with diamonds dancing in the air,
To note me Emperor of the three-fold world;
Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
Upon the lofty and celestial mount
Of ever green Selinis', quaintly decked
With blooms more white than Hericina's brows,
Whose tender blossoms tremble every one,
At every little breath that through heaven is blown.

2 *Tamb.* Act IV. sc. 4 *ad finem*.

See how the second version is elaborated and "bom-basted" out from the first version. Notice the true signs of an alchemic change which ought not to be new to us if we are students of Shakespeare and Bacon. Have we not the great Alchemist here? Have we not here that great coiner and amplifier of words and phrases who changed the "simple robe," as he read it in North's translation of Amyot's Plutarch, into the "napless garment of humility" by his own heavenly rhetoric? Not many, even in those spacious times,

would be equal to the task of transmuting the fine original ore of Spenser's line :—

With blossoms brave bedeckéd daintily,
into the more brilliant and showy metal of *Tamburlaine* :—

—quaintly decked

With blooms more white than Hericina's brows.

Who, indeed, was it that could always say better what other men could say well? Rawley, his chaplain, and other of his friends have named that man for us with one consent. Is not his handiwork evident here?

Again, in 2 *Tamburlaine* iv. 2 we have a strange incident borrowed directly from Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, which had not been translated into English when *Tamburlaine* was first produced. In fact, the whole of scene 2 is due to Ariosto. We have no evidence that Marlowe was an Italian scholar, and so the usual excuse is that Marlowe saw Sir John Harington's translation of Ariosto in MS. before it was printed in 1591. Just possible, of course; but not so likely to happen in Marlowe's case as in Bacon's.

Again, *Tamburlaine* was the very first play published that had been performed at a public theatre,* and it was published with all the jokes and low scenes intended for the vulgar completely cut out. Should we expect this of Marlowe? Should we expect such reticence from any of the loose-living university pens of that period? Should we expect *them* to publish at all? Why, the play-wrights wrote for their company and their plays belonged afterwards to the company and not to the authors; so they could not publish their own productions, unless they were "grand possessors," such

* My authority for this is a high one, viz., Mr. F. G. Fleay, *Shakespeariana*, vol. ii., p. 296.

as I verily believe Bacon and Southampton were, and perhaps other "sweet gentlemen" as well.

Then, again, there is that puzzling play called *Selimus*, which ought not to be left out of consideration when Marlowe and Bacon are our subjects. I should for many reasons attribute this play to the same author as *Tamburlaine*, and, apparently, it preceded *Tamburlaine*. Now, whenever plays seem pushed back by internal evidence to an earlier date than the Armada, there always becomes a greater reason to *exclude* Shaksper or Marlowe, who would be too young and inexperienced at such a date, and a greater reason to *include* Bacon as a probable author, he being an older man, and at such a date full of leisure. *Selimus* abounds in striking parallel passages to the other Marlowe plays, and also to the early books of the *Faerie Queene*. *Selimus* was claimed for Greene by Dr. Grosart, but Mr. Crawford, in *Notes and Queries* (Jan.—May, 1901), claims it for Marlowe, with much detail.

That *Selimus* and *Tamburlaine* should borrow from *The Faerie Queene* and other early poems attributed to Spenser, such as *The Ruines of Rome*, in the daring way that has been pointed out in *Notes and Queries*, is a fact difficult to interpret, considering the obscurity that envelops some of the minor Spenserian pieces; but when that obscurity is able to be removed, I think the evidence will be stronger still in favour of the older man, Bacon, rather than the younger, Marlowe.

I will now proceed to show that Marlowe's contemporaries and friends apparently did not attribute *Tamburlaine* to him.

It is Greene and Nash whose evidence I have to deal with in those well-known passages of *Menaphon* and the *Groatsworth of Wit* which are so much used and misused in Baconian controversy. I will be as brief as possible here, for the subject is dealt with by me else-

where. As far as *Tamburlaine* is concerned, it is enough to say that both Greene and Nash had for four or five years (1587—1592) felt annoyed that certain playwrights in conjunction with certain actors had been encroaching upon the public favour at the expense of the university men who wrote for the stage. One of the *writers* complained of is clearly Kyd, who had “left the trade of noverint to which he was born,” and the actors meant were Alleyne or Burbage, or both. Nash begins by saying that “every mechanicall mate abhors the English he was born to,” but mouths and rants and delights “*to embowel the clouds in a speech of comparison; thinking themselves more initiated in poets’ immortality if they once get Boreas by the beard, and the heavenly Bull by the dewlap.*”

Greene runs on the same theme and makes his shepherd Doron in *Menaphon* say in a “speech of comparison” whereby he describes Samela, the heroine: “We had an ewe amongst our rams whose fleece was *white as the hairs that grow on father Boreas’ chin, or the dangling dewlap of the silver bull, her front curled like the Erimanthian brow . . . her eyes like fiery torches tilling against the moon.*”

And again Nash says: “What can be hoped of those *that thrust Elisium into hell, and have not learned, so long as they have lived in the spheres the just measure of the horizon without an hexameter.*”

The uncommon expressions which I have put into italics in my extracts refer clearly to acted plays. Let us, if we can, identify them usefully to our present purpose.

I. Thrusting Elysium, or heaven, into hell.

“Now hell is fairer than Elysian.”

—2 *Tamb.* IV. iii.

“Hell and Elysian swarm with ghosts of men.”

—1 *Tamb.* V. ii.

"For I confound Hell in Elysium,
My ghost be with the old philosophers."

—*Dr. Faustus* I. iii.

Kyd, in his *Spanish Tragedy* I. i. 59, makes a somewhat similar confusion, but this identification is not so plain and direct as the *Tamburlaine* and *Faustus* references.

2. But who is it delights "to embowel the clouds in a speech of comparison?"

Surely we have identified *Tamburlaine* as the play here referred to, for we read:—

"As when a fiery exhalation,
Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud,
Fighting for passage makes the welkin crack
And casts a flash of lightning to the earth."

—I *Tamb.* IV. ii.

"Father Boreas' chin" points to the old play *Taming of a Shrew*, and the just measure or metrical quantity of horizon points to the old plays, where horizon is wrongly used. These, though interesting, need not detain us now.

We come then to the third *Tamburlaine* reference.

3. *Fiery torches tilting against the moon.* Here the allusion seems to be to a fine passage of *Tamburlaine*—

"And till by vision or by speech I hear
Immortal Jove say, 'Cease my Tamburlaine,'
I will persist a terror to the world,
Making the meteors (that like armed men,
Are seen to march upon the towers of heaven)
Run tilting round about the firmament,
And break their burning lances in the air
For honour of my wondrous victories."

—2 *Tamb.* IV. ii. *ad fin.*

But one also thinks of Shakespeare's metaphor in his *Comedy of Errors*, where we hear of a man's

" — meteors tilting in his face "

(*Comedy of Errors* IV. ii.),

the "fiery torches" in this case being his eyes and cheeks.

And *Tamburlaine* has other similar passages :—

"And in his eyes the furies of his heart
That shine as comets menacing revenge."

—*I Tamb.* III. ii.

But the first passage suits best.

And elsewhere *Tamburlaine* says :—

"Our quivering lances shaking in the air,
And bullets, like Jove's dreadful thunderbolts,
Enrolled in flames and fiery smouldering mists,
Shall threat the gods more than Cyclopian wars :
And with our sun-bright armour as we march,
We'll chase the stars from heaven."

—*I Tamb.* II. 3.

So I think there can be little doubt that Nash and Greene in some of the satirical quotations aim pretty clearly at *Tamburlaine*. But do they thereby seem to aim at Marlowe? No, certainly not, and that is the curious part of it. From the whole contents and tenor of the attack we gather that they are satirising either actors like Alleyne or Burbage, or non-university men like Kyd, or else some "sweet gentlemen" who had tricked up a company of poor actors, or else a Johannes Factotum of a Shake-scene who was stripping them of their feathers and adorning himself with their choicest spoils.

I shall not pursue this Shake-scene and these "sweet gentlemen" any further now. It is sufficient if I have shown reasonable ground for my suggestion that Nash and Greene did not credit their "fellowe scholler" (Marlowe) with the authorship of *Tamburlaine* and "the drumming decasyllabons" they so much disliked.

When they do mention Marlowe it is in praise of him as a "gracer of tragedians," and Greene calls him "friend" and implores him to reform his moral life. But surely if Marlowe was known to be the author of *Tamburlaine* there would have been some clearer reference than we have from those who knew him so well.

WALTER BEGLEY.

NOTES, QUERIES, AND CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Crawford on the Bacon-Shakespeare Question

It is so seldom that I find myself out of perfect accord with Father Sutton in matters relating to Bacon and Shakespeare that he will find it a not unpleasant departure from monotony if I express a slight divergence from his views in regard to Mr. Crawford's essay on this subject in his "Collectanea."

Father Sutton, in *BACONIANA* for July, 1907, calls attention to the abuse and ridicule on the part of Mr. Crawford directed toward the Baconians.

Now it appears to me that while perhaps Mr. Crawford does not approach the subject in quite the calm and dispassionate spirit properly demanded in the discussion of a purely impersonal and academic question like this, yet his manner in the treatment of his opponents contrasts so favourably and pleasantly with the abuse and vituperation with which the partisans of Shakspeare are in the habit of interlarding and weakening their arguments that his paper may be regarded as almost decent in comparison with others. Witness Mr. Churton Collins, for instance, whose estimate of "Shakespeare's" scholarship almost agrees with that of the Baconians, and yet to him crucifixion, the stake or boiling oil would not be too bad for these pernicious heretics.

In spite of the fact that Mr. Collins reaches identical conclusions in regard to the learning shown in "Shakespeare" with the Baconians, nobody yet, so far as I can learn, has accused him of ignorance, presumption, incompetence and silliness. Why this difference? Is it because of the unlimited abuse he bestows upon the Baconians? This characteristic of comparative mildness, as shown by Mr. Crawford, is so rare in what

passes for debate on the Shaksperian side of the question that it seems well even to strain a point to acknowledge it. This is, I think, the only phase of the subject in which I differ from Father Sutton. His point is well taken that Mr. Crawford selects for his attack Mrs. Pott's argument in the "Promus," published nearly a generation ago, ignoring all the work done since except that of Dr. Theobald, against which he makes very little headway.

One position taken by Mr. Crawford appears to me to be undeniably strong and reasonable. The Baconians have—many of them—tried to prove too much, and have seriously weakened their position by leaving exposed very vulnerable places in their line of defence. If the argument had been confined first to the moral and physical impossibility of the actor-manager from Stratford doing the work attributed to him and, second, to the wonderful harmony in thought and diction between the philosophy of Francis Bacon and the whole spirit of the Shakesperean drama and poetry, together with the demonstration of such easily proved facts as tend to show the close association—if not identity—of the great philosopher and the great dramatist, a position would have been taken and held against all assaults—a position which could not have failed to command the attention and respect, if not the acquiescence, of all serious scholars and thinkers; but, as it is, breaches have been left in the wall through which many wooden horses have been introduced, and this, incidentally, may be taken as my reply to the objection of Mr. William Henry Burr in *BACONIANA* for July.

In all fairness, a certain degree of attention and respect must be paid to Mr. Crawford's argument, if only for the reason that it is argument and not merely diatribe, as so many answers to the Baconian contention have been. It cannot be denied that Mr. Crawford has apparently weakened to a considerable extent the value of the argument from parallelisms. Parallels between Bacon and "Shakespeare" do not seem as striking as they did before Mr. Crawford set forth his formidable array of other parallels with Bacon. But perhaps the weakening of the argument is only apparent. Let us see. Nearly all the passages brought forward as parallels to Bacon are from the works of Ben Jonson.

Now a group of passages paralleling Bacon from the works of Jonson bear no such implication as does a similar group from the works known as "Shakespeare's." Jonson was an acknowledged friend and admirer of Bacon. We all know his lines to the latter on his 60th birthday and the tribute to his memory in "Timbre." He appears to have acted as his secretary; at all events he assisted in the translation of some of Bacon's works into Latin. There can be little, if any, doubt that he was Bacon's ardent admirer and follower; moreover, he was his junior by nearly ten years. There is no mystery in finding the influence

of Bacon in the writing of Jonson. Shakspeare, on the other hand, was only three years younger than Bacon; there is no external record that the two men had any association or connection whatever, and students of the literature of that period tell us there is no reason to believe that either of them was aware of the existence of the other, and many—if not most—of the passages cited by Mrs. Pott and others as Bacon parallelisms were used by "Shakespeare" prior to their appearance in Bacon's acknowledged works; whereas, in the case of Jonson, they may easily and naturally have been appropriated after their use by Bacon.

Of course, granting all that Mr. Crawford claims in his Paper (or can claim for it), it is by no means a refutation of the pro-Bacon argument, but, at the most, only goes to detract from the force of one particular branch of it. Of the many other reasons for associating Bacon and "Shakespeare," Mr. Crawford takes no notice whatever.

ISAAC HULL PLATT.

Mr. F. Bacon, 1623

Of the methods employed by Bacon for the reclamation of his works, published in the names of others, none is more simple and open than the dating of the First Folio—1623.

The letter equivalents of these figures are A F B C ; in alphabetic sequence A B C F.

Then $1+6+2+3 = 12$: equivalent M.

M is the very letter to be set in combination with A in the double alphabet cipher :—

A B C D E F, &c.
M N O P Q R, &c.

Thus we have as double equivalents of 1 2 3 6, or, as Bacon writes it, "double letters under one character" :—

1 2 3 6
A B C F
M N O R,

and these letters make the anagram—

MR. F. BACON.

It is needless to add that, when the plays were written, Bacon was untitled.

J. C.

Spurious Ciphers

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

R. A. S. did not receive his BACONIANA for January, 1907, until nearly the end of March; therefore he was unable to prepare a reply to the letter of H. C. F. for the April number. As stated, the quotations were from BACONIANA of 1892 (American edition). He examined the Folio of 1623, and, finding that the quotations were correct, did not notice the arrangement in four lines instead of three; in modern editions the song is printed in four lines. Here it is as found in the 1623 Folio, p. 108, 1st column, except that BACON is printed in italic capitals:—

"But let them goe,
And be you blithe and bonnie,
CONverting all your sounds of woe," etc.

With all his anxiety about the text being "juggled," H. C. F. did not copy exactly; he left out the old style "s," and the " ; " at the end of the second line is not correct; it should be a " , ".

The writer cannot see that he "juggled" very seriously with the text. Bacon's name is in those three lines just the same whether the "B" is at the beginning of the line or in the middle. He would also state that he has found over fifty quotations from the various plays which contain "BACON" infolded in them, and, in using the Cowden-Clarke Concordance, he has only reached the letter "concealing," leaving seven pages and two and a-half columns still to be examined. Here are a few specimens:—

[*Midsummer Night's Dream*, p. 146, 1st column.]

" . . . some Businesse
Against our nuptial, and CONferre with you

[2 *Henry IV.*, p. 99, 2nd column.]

Is in Base Durance, And CONtagious prison:

[*Henry VIII.*, p. 211.]

But leaue their Flockes, And vnder your faire CONduct."

On page 26 of the "Word Cipher," Lord Bacon says:—

"We make at least
Twenty repetitions of the ways for finding out the letters. . . .
We have

Enclosed our own name, without regard to safety, in the
Different texts, in such capital letters, etc.

* * * *

And if you have digested a sufficient number
Of the books, no doubt the first point you found
Was our name."

Some of these "twenty repetitions" are the six ciphers enumerated on page 167 of Mrs. Gallup's "Bi-literal Cipher," another in the "capital letters" that are found in the Bacon monograms that first appeared in the 1579 edition of the "Shepheardes Calendar," afterwards in the Shake-speare plays, in the 1609 edition of the Sonnets, the 1611 edition of Spenser's works, the 1623 Folio and elsewhere; another is the "Medfurl Cipher," by which Bacon's name is found "infolded" in the first verses of the poems of Spenser, Marlowe, Shake-speare, Heywood, Guilpin and others, in the first or last paragraphs of the plays of Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Shake-speare, &c.; while still another is the cipher exhibited above. The writer has searched out and discovered *nearly all* of the "twenty repetitions."

In the same January number of BACONIANA is a letter from Mr. Parker Woodward. Will he state the proof he possesses that William Shagsper or Shaksper (1564?—1616) lived or visited in London after purchasing at Stratford in May of 1597 "New Place," until he bought property, in 1613, in London? The fact that Richard Quinney (15[?]-1602) wrote that letter of Oct. 28, 1598, to Shaksper at Stratford is sufficient proof that Shaksper was not in London. Quinney was in London for nearly a year in 1598 and 1599. The fact that Shaksper never received that letter is proof that he was not in Stratford. The mathematical cipher in the Folio, as translated by the late Hon. Gov. Ignatius Donnelly in the Cryptogram, states that Shaksper was compelled by Harry Percy, the servant of Lord Bacon, to flee from Stratford over to the Continent; this will account for his absence from Stratford. Property in London would have brought better returns than in Stratford, but Shagsper did not invest in it because he was not in London, but was living in Stratford and spending all his money there.

The pamphlet, "Who wrote the Plays?" by Major G. H. P. Burne (reviewed in BACONIANA of 1903), gives a record of Shaksper's life in Stratford for nearly every year after 1596 to his death in 1616.

Mr. Woodward has done excellent service for the Baconian cause in proving many statements of the "Word Cipher" of Dr. Owen and the "Bi-literal Cipher" of Mrs. Gallup. He would also find a good field in proving from the histories of the times many of the statements of the mathematical cipher that is to be found in the plays of Shake-speare.

R. A. S.

To a Baconian Convert

WHAT newer light can reason bring to thee,
 The man who doubted once, but doubts no more!
 Whose mind will dare for ever to be free
 And cast away the fictions that of yore,
 As a fair surface hid the rotten core.
 The worn-out story waits a new review,
 For eager voices of the time implore
 That some fresh witness, brave and strong, and true
 Should with no partial favour tell the tale anew.

The shades and ghosts of olden, darkened days,
 The phantoms hovering o'er a vaulted tomb
 Must vanish as no more the light delays
 To unmask the lies that flourish in the gloam.
 The usurping cuckoo now shall meet his doom,
 For the clear light of Bacon 'gins to loom
 On the pretended bard of yonder town,
 Whose narrow brow wears an unlawful crown
 While Avon's idol, Dagon-like, shall tumble down.

And Justice, long delayed, at length is done;
 Truth shall no more be banished from our stage,
 However long the weary years may run,
 Before the mighty toiler takes his wage
 Amid the clamours of the critic's rage
 And dark traditions of a time that's passed.
 Hence! idle fancies of departed age!
 The unloaded dice of fate again are cast,
 And outlawed truth and honour win the day at last.

FRANCIS MORELL.

 The Editorship of "Baconiana"

OWING to more insistent claims upon his time, Mr. Harold Bayley, who has edited BACONIANA during the past five years, has been compelled to resign his position. In the meantime contributors are requested to address communications as hitherto to the Editor, 11, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

